

# WIVES OUT WITH A DEMAND FOR MORE POCKET MONEY

Don't Wait: Settle the Allowance in the First Week of the Honeymoon, Is the Advice of Mrs. Clarence Burns.

A new topic has come up this winter in women's clubs, the fair apportionment of the family pocket money between man and wife. Unmarried women have taken as lively an interest in the discussion as married women. The question has been discussed with special interest in its relation to the incursions of married women into the ranks of wage earners.

ble plan was for a wife to come to some agreement on the subject with her husband during the first week of the honeymoon and not to wait six months or so. "During courtship," said Mrs. Burns, "a girl gets lots of flowers and candy, is taken to the theatre and other places for a good time and finds the young man liberal to a fault. Without giving much

at a restaurant befitting the style in which they live.

"A very wealthy New Yorker who died a few years ago leaving a very large fortune to his widow never in his lifetime allowed his wife a separate bank account, nor did he ever present her with a generous sum of money at one time. She was obliged to ask for every dollar she wanted. Yet this man idolized his wife, every one said.

"I have been told that in order to get some ready money to put into the gold meshed purses they carry women will sell a handsome gown or two, after wearing them a few times, to a second hand dealer and purchase new ones, the bills for which are sent to their husbands, and probably paid quite cheerfully. It is a curious condition of things, but none the less it is quite real.

"When men with a yearly income of \$1,800 or \$2,500 cut down their wives' pocket money to the lowest notch usually it is because they lack the quality of self-denial and not that they are stingy. If instead of spending individually \$5 a week and giving their wives \$1 each would cut down his expense account one or two dollars and increase his wife's allowance one or two dollars he would be exactly as well off and things would be more satisfactory all around.

"He would find too that ten chances to one his wife would not spend some of her extra allowance on him or the house. That is the way with most women. Of course there are exceptions.

"But few men have the courage to take any such step after they have established a habit of treating their friends and indulging certain habits which it costs dollars to gratify. A good deal of a man's income often goes up in smoke and men don't care to stint their stomachs as a rule either.

"Practically the only class of married women exempt from the unrest and dissatisfaction which pervades the feminine world generally at the present time is composed of the wives of poor laboring men, and the reason of their content is that with few exceptions they have the handling of the entire family income.



HIS PAY ENVELOPE.

Every Saturday the pay envelope is put into their hands intact, they hand back a small amount to the earner for his weekly pocket money and then go ahead to stretch the sum left to cover the family needs, not caring at all if there isn't a nickel over for themselves. They have had all there is, the pleasure of handling the money and paying it out. This means a good deal to any woman.

"These husbands have sense enough to know that the wife will make their

earnings go further than they themselves would or could and to trust her. It is the very wisest thing they could do.

"But the man higher up seldom feels that way and often than not he can't understand why his little dole isn't entirely satisfactory to a wife who knows perfectly well that he is frittering away ten times as much. It is that fact that hurts; that he is spending the money on no particular purpose.

"One can hardly blame some married women for wanting to earn some pocket money for themselves, even though on general principles this is not a wise step to take when a man is perfectly able and willing to take care of his wife.

"No, I hardly think the possible lack of pocket money has any effect on the marriage question, for the reason that few women ever dream of such a possibility before marriage.

"The whole problem would be beautifully adjusted if every bride would insist on having a definite agreement with her husband on the question of pocket money at the very start, basing the sum on what is left of the total income after all the necessary expenses are paid and a little put by for a rainy day.

"There is no other solution.

"Even in this enlightened age men are singularly obtuse where women are concerned. If a man doesn't understand that his wife will cheerfully make over a gown knowing that he must have a new suit, but that she will not cheerfully forego her share of the family pocket money in order that her husband may be far more generous to his friends than she can afford to be with her friends, there is not the least use in trying to enlighten him."

In a debate on the pocket money question in one woman's club one of the speakers said that as matter of fact the great majority of the women most interested in the question have never been accustomed to spending money prodigally, neither are they inclined to be recklessly extravagant with their husbands' money. On the contrary, usually they are willing that their husbands shall take the lion's

New Feminine Grievance Has Come to the Front in Women's Club Debates This Winter—Wife's Allowance Too Small.

share of the family income on the plea that to succeed in business a man must look prosperous and be generous in treating business associates. They are willing as a rule to make over the old gown with new sleeves, yoke and rows of buttons without grumbling much.

"The women most concerned," the speaker went on, "have husbands earning from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a year; their family may include one child, and often they live in light housekeeping quarters or in a boarding house. Relatively, so far as clothes, housing and food go, they are pretty well off. In one such case the weekly allowance of spending money handed to the wife by her husband every Saturday night is one dollar. This man is a good, kind man, not inclined to extravagances

for money because his incidental expenses aside from clothes and food and rent are so high, he tells his wife. He is sober and industrious at that.

"The other day I asked a young married man of moderate income how much he spent for cigars a day. I wanted to offset his information with the soda water bill of the lady with \$2 pocket money weekly. The young man smokes a good deal. Said he:

"I spend about \$1.25 a day for cigars of the two for a quarter quality. Six of these I smoke and the others I give away. Of course, he added, 'a business man has to treat to cigars now and then.'

"Another young married man with a much larger income said that his cigar bill averaged \$3.15 a day. How much



DEMAND AND SUPPLY.

and the decline in the number of marriages among certain classes of women. A text for some of the debates has been the assertion recently made that American women, although the most intelligent, capable and ambitious in the world, cannot claim to be the most economical and self-sacrificing. Accustomed to indulgence and liberality on the part of their fathers and husbands, in few cases, was it asserted, are they prepared to practise the self-denial and economy necessary when they marry the man who cannot afford to give them the amount of money they were allowed by their parents before marriage.

Mrs. Clarence Burns, president of the Little Mothers Association, who has a wide acquaintance among wives of many classes, has studied the question to such purpose that when asked what she considered the best way of promoting a fair division of the family pocket money she said without hesitation that the only feasible

thought to this point she expects the same thing to go on after marriage, or at least she expects to have a certain amount of spending money.

"As every one knows, there are many husbands generous to a fault where the wife's spending money is concerned. There are others, a good many rich men among them, who never can understand why a woman needs any pocket money at all provided she has all her bills paid and is supplied with tickets for various entertainments she cares to attend.

"I know women whose husbands never give them any pocket money at all. How do they manage? I don't know. In some cases they manage to squeeze a little from housekeeping expenses.

"As every one knows, there are women whose husbands can afford to give them an automobile to ride in and beautiful clothes to wear and who never have the handling of any money. It is scarcely possible for them to give a friend a lunch



HIS CIGAR BILL AGAINST HER SODA AND SWEETS.



MAKING OVER LAST YEAR'S GOWN.

himself. When his wife needs clothing or money for specific purposes relating to both of them he tries to let her have it. But when it comes to pocket money, of which she gives no account, one dollar seems to him ample, whereas he himself needs five times that amount. It is almost impossible for her to treat a friend to soda water even, much less to a lunch downtown.

"Another women whose pocket money is \$2 a week has a husband whose salary is \$2,500 a year and who is always scrippied

pocket money either of these men allows his wife I don't know."

It came out also during the discussion that some women who had been able to save a little from their housekeeping money could do so no longer on account of the higher prices of food, and for that reason were trying to get their husbands' consent to giving up housekeeping in favor of boarding. Several examples were cited of women who, tiring of their slim allowance of pocket money, had turned in to earn money on their own account.

## MOHAMMEDANS NOW HAVE A PLACE OF WORSHIP HERE

Little Band That Gathers on the Third Floor of a Building in Rector Street—The Imam in Charge a Man of Many Adventures.

While the voice of the muezzin, calling the faithful to prayer, is never heard in New York, nevertheless the Mohammedan form of worship is carried on here in spite of the absence of mosques and minarets. In the lower part of the city there has been in existence for two years a Mohammedan chapel or mosque, presided over by an Imam, who holds regular services, but as he and his congregation have gone about their religious duties without any ostentation the existence of the mosque has so far escaped the attention of the community. The congregation is composed entirely of men, for if there are any Mohammedan women in New York it has not been found necessary to make any provision for their worship. Anyhow they could not worship in the same chapel with the men, unless, as is done in the mosques, a screen were erected to separate them from the remainder of the congregation.

If you were ignorant of the location of the mosque you would not be likely to suspect its location, for it is well hidden. The street on which it is situated is one of the most thronged during the rush hours of travel between downtown offices and New Jersey homes, but there is nothing about the building to indicate that here is a temple where gather those who believe in Allah and Mohammed. In the narrowness of Rector street the building numbered 17 is apt to escape notice unless you chance to get a view of it from the elevated station near by, when you find it is a six story and basement structure if you look up at the glass doors of the entrance you will find it is called "The Oriental."

There is a barber shop in the basement and vendors of Oriental wares occupy the remainder of that floor and the first floor above. A trip through the building might lead you to suppose that it is half tenement and half workshop. It is comparatively new and the stairway is of cement, with an iron railing and narrow. You ask a man in the shop at the right where the Turkish chapel is. He shakes his head and says he doesn't know.

"The Imam?" you suggest. He looks puzzled.

"The priest with the whiskers?" you press, and then intelligence dawns in his eyes.

"Third floor," he tells you, and you go up.

On that landing you find a woman who is apparently the janitress. She demands to know what you want. You say inquiringly, "The priest?" and she points to the door at the left. You rap. It is early. There is no response.

"I will try the back door," suggests the woman, and in a moment she tells you that the priest is just getting up. He will see you later at the Turkish Consulate-General.

soberly furnished, and the rent of them, as well as the salary of the Imam, or priest in charge, is paid by the Turkish Government. One of the rooms is the sanctuary and the other is the audience room.

At the worshippers say their prayers standing it often holds as many as from seventy-five to 100, and on the special feast days of Rhamazan-Bayram and Kourban-Bayram the devout have overflowed into the two rooms belonging to the Imam himself, Mehmed Ali Effendi, a stout, bearded man, who has charge of the spiritual affairs of the Mohammedans in this part of the world.

Mehmed Ali Effendi is regularly attached to the Turkish Embassy in Washington as Imam. There are few of the faith in the capital, so it is here that the Imam makes his home and has his church. Here and in the vicinity are several hundred Mohammedans. In New England there are many, and the Imam goes regularly to minister to their needs. His parish are Lowell, where there are more than 1,000 temporal or spiritual subjects of the Commander of the Faithful; Boston, Worcester, Providence and other New England towns.

In the mosque there is none of the pomp that marks the interior of many Turkish mosques; the furniture being of the simplest and the furnishings of the plainest. Mehmed Ali Effendi says that everybody is welcome, though he disclaims any attempt at proselyting. The services are regularly held on Fridays, but as that is here a working day and most Mohammedans in New York do something for a living they come to worship on Saturdays.

The two special festivals of the year are Rhamazan-Bayram, which comes at the conclusion of the one month's fast every year, and Kourban-Bayram, seventy days later. On those days it is part of the Mohammedan rite to sacrifice a lamb. Since Mehmed Ali Effendi took up the pastorate among them two years ago he has been adhering more closely to their religious practices. Before the Rhamazan-Bayram for thirty days everybody has to fast from midnight until sundown. All the eating is done between sunset and midnight, the principal meal being the "iftar," which is taken after the evening prayers have been said.

When the Imam sacrifices a lamb at Kourban-Bayram he invites friends to eat the meat with him. On that day it is the rule that a lamb shall be sacrificed for each Mohammedan household which can afford it. The carcass is divided into three parts. One remains at home, one is sent to religious folk and the other to the poor.

Kourban-Bayram is the feast day that a devout Mohammedan tries to spend in Mecca. In the Rector street mosque the same ceremonies are prescribed for entrance as rule at mosques. You have to remove your shoes and wash your

arms, face and feet, the latter ceremony, called the "abdest," being unnecessary if you wear overshoes, for then you simply have to remove your overshoes and wash your arms.

Mehmed Ali Effendi is a Hadji three times over, for he has been to Mecca three times. Otherwise his career has been remarkable. He has spent a great part of his life wandering up and down the earth, and all because of Abdul Hamid, or his spies, once conceived the idea that the Effendi was engaged in a plot against the Sultan.

Mehmed Ali was born in Turkey but in Batoums Russia. His parents left the province after the Russians had annexed it, and emigrated to Turkey. Mehmed Ali entered the Medreseh, the theological school of Constantinople, to be educated for the priesthood. In 1891, just before he was about to graduate, the police decided that a plot was brewing among the students in the capital. So one night they arrested all the students in Constantinople, among them those at the theological seminary.

The prisoners were held to the police headquarters, their pedigrees taken, and they were given each a Turkish pound, and ordered back each to his own province. When Mehmed Ali was questioned he replied that he was born in Russia and that the police had no right to order him, a man studying for the Mohammedan priesthood, to go to a Christian country. This idea rather stunned the prefect of police, and he ordered Mehmed Ali and four other youths who gave like answers to stand aside.

Mehmed Ali and his four companions were finally sent by the prefect of police to the Governor Bechique-Tache at that time Hassan Pasha. The latter had immediate charge of the work of protecting the Sultan. Bechique-Tache is the district adjoining Yildiz Kiosk. When he learned of the approach of the five young prisoners Hassan, before receiving them, commanded that they first should be baptized. During the severe beating Mehmed Ali's right arm was broken and he was taken to the hospital. Here he won the sympathy of one of the surgeons, who, after a few days, spirited him away from Turkey.

There was no future at home for him, so Mehmed Ali made his way to Yemen, Arabia, where he got a steamer for South Africa. In Cape Colony there is a colony of Mohammedans, and to it Mehmed Ali went as missionary priest. Then he went to Madagascar and thence to Mauritius; next he was sent to Ceylon and then to Java and Sumatra, to Singapore and finally to Bangkok, where he arrived just after the wedding of the King of Siam to his own sister. Next he visited Saigon.

The Governor-General at the time was Paul Doumer, who later became President of the French Chamber of Deputies. On finding that Mehmed Ali was a Mohammedan missionary M. Doumer entertained him at the palace, then sent him to a mosque to conduct prayers for the Algerian soldiers, and gave orders that he should be allowed to circulate freely through French Cochinchina and minister to the religious needs of the Mohammedans.

After a few weeks of this Mehmed Ali

decided to visit China, so the Governor-General sent him thither and told him to stop at Saigon upon his return. The Imam spent the months touring about and meeting Chinese Mohammedans.

Then he made up his mind it was time to go back to Constantinople. He landed at the Ottoman capital just at the end of the war with Greece of 1897. He managed to spend three months there without interference, principally because he had adopted another name, which he agreed with the passport he carried. Then he started again on a missionary trip to the Far East. He did not return to Constantinople until 1906.

This time they had his measure. Just a few weeks before he started back there had been an attempt to blow up Abdul Hamid with a bomb during the ceremony of Selamk at Yildiz Kiosk, and the police were on the lookout. So when Mehmed Ali got out of the train at the frontier he was taken in charge and sent to Constantinople under guard. There he was locked up "incommunicado" for eight days. Then he was released under surveillance.

He lived at the time in the Palace of Munif Bey, the father of Djelal Bey the present Sultan of the Mohammedans of Persia and the Sheikh-ul-Islam, Djemaledin Effendi, when Tashin Pasha, the Sultan's first secretary, heard what he was doing and invited Wang to come to Yildiz. There the Sultan invited the mufti to put up at the palace, but told him Mehmed Ali was under suspicion and that he couldn't be seen going about with him. Mehmed Ali was ordered out of the palace, but Wang spoke up and said the priest was a personal friend and he wanted to be with him. Tashin Pasha yielded, but decided to make it warm later for Mehmed Ali.

It used to be the case in Turkey that the Sultan's body guard was composed of Albanians, Slavic shores, noted for their cruelty. When at any time anybody was approached by Slavic shores he made his will if he had opportunity, because it was considered sure death.

One very cold winter day as Mehmed Ali was leaving a café with a friend he was approached by three of these emissaries. They told him they had been commanded to do away with him, but as they were religious and he was a holy man they didn't want to stick their knives into him; they wanted Wang to come to his guard and not to antagonize Tashin Pasha.

From that time the net about the priest was stretched tighter. He was very anxious to leave Constantinople, but couldn't. After things had gone on this way some time he thought of his influential French friend M. Doumer, the former Governor-General of Cochinchina, who was now president of the Chamber of Deputies at Paris. So he wrote to M. Doumer, asking him to intercede for him in some way, and through Ali-Nouri Bey and Ismail-Hakki Bey, the sons of the Foreign Minister, Tewfik Pasha, he got the letter posted.

M. Doumer replied promptly, enclosing

a letter of introduction to the then French Ambassador at Constantinople, M. Constant. The dragoman at the embassy

saw the letter, but told Mehmed Ali that though he might call upon the French Ambassador at any time it was not ad-

visable to do so, because he would surely be shadowed by spies and would be arrested as soon as he left the embassy. So Mehmed Ali felt he was truly up against it.

Life became almost intolerable. The only house at which he was welcomed was that of Munif Pasha. All his other friends shunned him for fear that if it were found that he had anything to do with him their own persons would not be safe. Then came the revolution, as the result of which the constitution was proclaimed. The success of the counter-revolution of 1908 before the Army of Salonica marched on and took Constantinople the priest had to hide for seven or eight days to keep from being assassinated. The success of the counter-revolution brought peace and prosperity for the first time to Mehmed Ali Effendi, and after the Young Turks had got things straightened out he was made Mohammedan high priest in the United States.

Mehmed Ali Effendi was rather reluctant to be interviewed when seen at the Turkish Consulate-General, but he did want to say that Mohammedanism is the most tolerant of all religions.

"Christian denominations in Turkey have always enjoyed special privileges," he said. "The patriarchates have been allowed to keep the record of births and deaths, to perform marriages, settle estates and have their own schools. The patriarchates and communities have attended to the business of communities and Christian churches have not been taxed."

"Of course there have been crises, as in other countries, but their causes have lain not in religion but in politics. Our political evils have been wrongly ascribed to religious prejudice. Americans should be fair minded enough to discriminate between our religion and Turkish politics."

"It is a mistaken notion to ascribe the fearlessness of death among Turks to religious fanaticism. It is not for religious so much that the Mohammedans willingly face death. One great tenet of our religion is, what I have written out for you in Arabic, 'Who loves his country loves his religion.' That idea is strongly implanted in all our teachings, and it is patriotism and not religious fanaticism that makes our people dare death."

In the Imam's pastorate at the Turkish Consulate at Columbia University, Mehmed Ali Effendi does not wear the Turkish garb when he travels about the streets. When seen at the Consulate-General he was clad in an American business suit and tan shoes and there was a brown fedora hat lying near him. If you saw him in the street you might mistake him for a German scholar.

He has been very active of late in the effort to interest his fellow countrymen here in the relief work of the Red Crescent Society, which corresponds to the Red Cross, and although the Mohammedans in this country are not in the most prosperous circumstances they have contributed to relieve the sufferings of those who are wounded in the defense of Tripoli and the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and the Imam has forwarded a considerable sum to Constantinople.

